

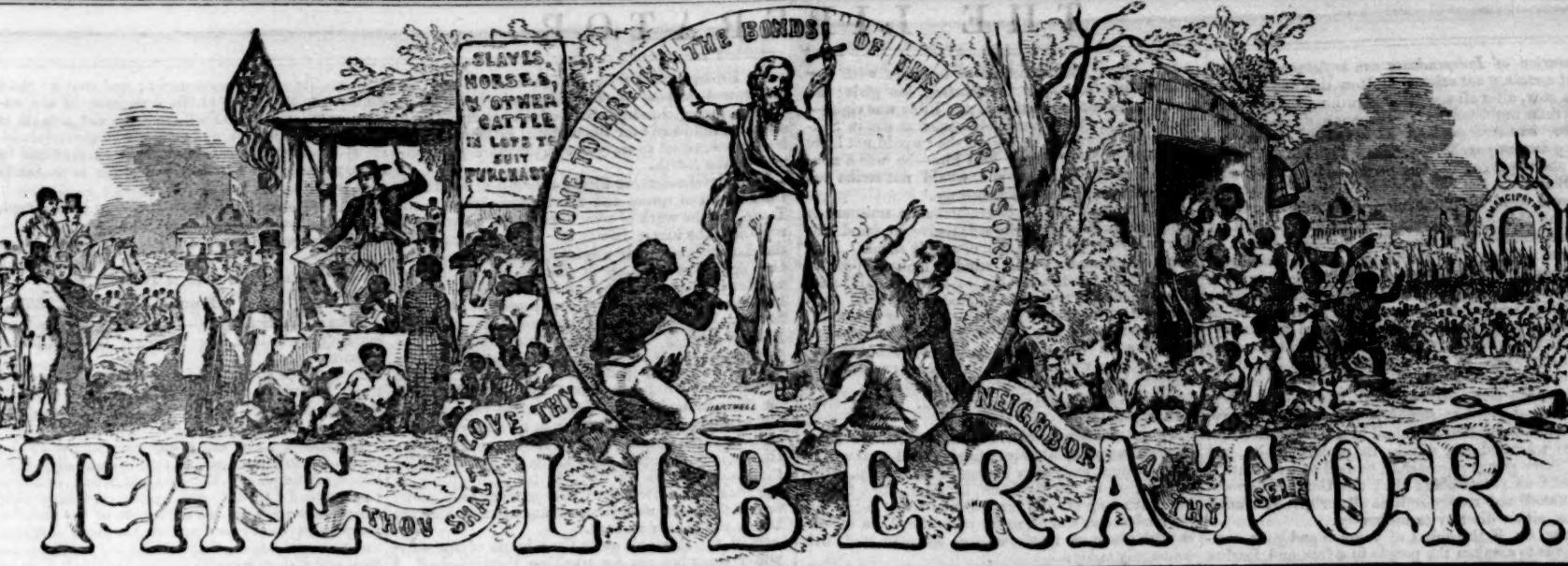
THE LIBERATOR
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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 4.



Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, Printers.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1359.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Jan. 2.

THE NEGRO RUMORS.

The holidays have come and passed, and we have now of the disturbances among the negro population, which, according to rumor, were threatening to take place generally in the South at Christmas. Everything is peaceful and orderly as usual everywhere.

There was for my fear of a concerted attempt to stir, or a general insubordination, nor was I able to get to the details which the telegraph brought us from time to time of alleged attempts at insurrection in various places. A great deal of all this has been told to be exaggerated, in the unthinking excitement of the moment, or by the more reckless craving for notoriety in the alarmist. There has never been the slightest apprehension of any combination among the blacks that would let any where, and least of all, of any concerted rising beyond a single neighborhood.

The negro, which he has got to do is to let him fill it; and all we try the experiment, the educated in vote merely because

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SPECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
At the Disunion Convention held in the City Hall,
Worcester, January 15, 1857.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. TERRINGTON.

Mr. President:

It was my intention to have prepared, with some care and deliberation, the views I desired to express on this great occasion; but having been ill for the last two weeks, I have not been able to give a moment to the preparation of a speech. It is true, sir, with me, the subject is familiar; nevertheless, this is no ordinary gathering, and nothing should be hastily uttered on a question so vast, so solemn, and so revolutionary.

Sir, I do not marvel at the general hesitancy which I find in the community to come up to the high position of demanding a dissolution of the Union. I remember how men are born, and how they are bred.

I know, in regard to my own case, with what tenacity

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POETRY.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

* It is the king's highway that we are in, and in this
way it is that thou hast placed the lions.—BUNYAN.

What! shut the Gardens! lock the latticed gate!
Refuse the shilling and the fellow's ticket!

And hang a wooden notice up to state,

On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!

The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race,

Demanded to friends and visitors till Monday!

Now, really, this appears the common case

Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Gardens—so unlike the ones we dub
Of Teas, wherein the artless carousers—

More shrubberies without one drop of shrub—

Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?

No ale is vend'd at the wild Deer's Head—

No run—nor gin—nor even of a Monday—

The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,

And does not send out porter of a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Bear denied! the Leopard under locks!

As if his spots would give contagious fevers!

The Beaver close at bat within its box;

So different from other Sunday beavers!

The Birds invisible—the Gnat-way Bates—

The Seal hermetically sealed till Monday—

The Monkey tribe—the Family of Cats—

We visit other families on Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What is the brute profanity that shocks

The super-sensitively serious feeling?

The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox

To bend his legs, the way he does in kneeling?

Was strict Sir Andrew, in his Sabbath coat,

Struck all a-heep to see a Coati mundi?

Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note

The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set?

What error in the bestial birth or breeding?

One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!

Some stiffly people think that smoking joints

Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—

But then the beasts are pious on these points,

For they all eat cold dinner on a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,

As if transmuted by some spell organic!

Turns wild Hyena of the Ghoulous race?

The Snake, pro tempore, the true Satanic?

Do Irish minds—(whose theory allows

That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)

Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows

Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some meody Fellow's, not a few,

Who, turned by nature with a gloomy bias,

Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,

And think when they are dismal, they are pious:

Isn't possible that Pug's untimely fun

Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday?

Perhaps some animal, no serious one,

Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious Fellow's found,

To raise their spleen against the Regent's spimney?

• Were charitable boxes handed round,

And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their guinea?

Perchance, the Demoiselle refused to molt

The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;

Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt

A tract presented to be read on Sunday?—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?

Who mourns through Monkey-tricks his damaged clothing?

Who has been hissed by the Canadian Goose?

On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?

Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell

To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,

Because he preyed extempore as well

As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday?—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems, in the oddest way,

(Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius,)—

Would be keepers of the Sabbath-day

Are like the keepers of the brute, ferocious—

As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk

About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,

As any harmless man to talk a walk,

If Saints could clasp him in a cage on Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,

As surely as I am a Christian scon,

I cannot think it is a mortal sin—

(Unless he's loose)—to look upon a lion.

I really think that one may go, perchance,

To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—

(That is, provided that he did not dance)—

Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work?

The Dove, the winged Columbus of man's haven?

The tender Love-Bird—or the filial Stork?

The punctual Crane—the providential Raven?

The Pelican, whose bosom feeds her young?

Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday?

That feathered marvel with a human tongue,

Because she does not preach upon a Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The busy Beaver—that sagacious beast!

The Sheep that owned an Oriental Shepherd—

That Dewart-sheep, the Camel of the East,

The horned Rhinoceros—the spotted Leopard—

The Creatures of the Great Creator's hand

Are surely sights for better days than Monday—

The Elephant, although he wears no band,

Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,

Wearry of frame, and worn and wan of feature,

Seek once a week their spirits to assuage,

And snatch a glimpse of 'Animated Nature'?

Better it were if, in his best of suits,

The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,

Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,

Then make a beast of his own self on Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, sounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss,

(Omit the 'ounds!) for which I make apology,

But that the Papists, like some Fellows, thus

Had some how mixed up Dem with their theology?

Is Brabom's Bull—a Hindoo god at home?

A Papal Bull to be tied till Monday?

Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,

That there is such a dread of them on Sunday?

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough

To make Religion sad, and sour, and snubbin,

But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,
As vessels cant their balinst—rattling rubbish!

Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,

And sure as fate they will deny us next

To see the Dandelions on a Sunday—

But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Liberator.

RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS OBEDIENCE
TO GOD.

NEW GARDEN, (Ohio,) Jan. 8, 1857.

DEAR GARRISON:

Four axioms are more clearly established in my

mind than this: i. e., that resistance to tyrants is obedi-

ence to God. Who is the tyrant? He who seeks by

force, to subject others to his will, as a law of life.

The supreme authority of each individual soul over

itself is the innate, God-given right of each and every

human being. The right and duty of each to decide

for himself or herself what is true and false in principle,

and right and wrong in practice, and to be true to

his own convictions, is the only basis of order, peace

and good will among men. Fidelity to our own souls

is the basis of all true and good government. To in-

terpret the fixed laws of life and health to body and

soul, and to obey one's own interpretation of those

laws; this is the only basis of personal responsibility.

Resistance to tyrants, open, bold, energetic

resistance, and that for death or victory, is the

right and duty of the slaves to resist their masters;

to resist them by deadly weapons to kill their masters;

to rouse them up to carry death into the kitchens, parlors,

bedrooms and nurseries of slaveholders—as these

laws upon others, and compel them, by violence, or

threats of violence, to do as he says, is a tyrant.

Resistance to all such tyrants, whether they be indi-

viduals, or religious or governmental combinations, is

as clearly and certainly a religious duty, as is resis-

tance to highway robbers, midnight assassins, or pi-

rates on the high seas.

That the Bear denied! the Leopard under locks!

As if his spots would give contagious fevers!

The Beaver close at bat within its box;

So different from other Sunday beavers!